

More Bashkirtseff Memorials.
HOW HER LAST PAINTING WAS EXECUTED NEAR PARIS.
INSPECTOR BYRNES AND CRIME.
He Tells Why Thieves Are More Numerous in Holiday Season.
THE VANDERBILT GRANDCHILDREN.
IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.
PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA.
2 O'CLOCK.
ON THE BIG SPAN.
In "Evening World" Artist's India Summer Day Observations.
Unique Types Among Brooklyn Bridge Pedestrians.

Dr. Talmage, a Speculative Milwaukee Man, the Bostonese, et al.
Proud and lowly, beggar and lord, Over the bridge they go.
Yes, thousands and thousands of them, every day, go either way and both ways over the magnificent East River span, for which no amount of military will ever breed the least perceptible bit of contempt in any New York or Brooklyn mind.

DR. TALMAGE.
The bridge is sublime from any point of view. Its graceful towers when seen from the river; its majestic towers as they loom through a distant vision of roads and chimney tops; its far-reaching roadway and promenade, stretching away from the foot or carriage passenger in long lines, bordered by a network of supporting cables that seem almost delicate compared to the massiveness of the whole structure—these things, to say nothing of the superb spectacles of land and water to be seen from the bridge's height, bring out perforce whatever artistic sense lurks in any man's mental being.

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GAZING AT THE TOWER.
Truth to tell, it was a strong wind, but it wasn't a dusty one, and most of the people on the bridge seemed to take it kindly as it came. However, if it were to prefer to offer their heads to be cut off, they would have to do so. On Brooklyn Bridge, despite the best efforts of the dominant police force, a man's liberty to breathe as best suits his own taste has never been infringed upon.

AN INTERESTING AND INTERESTED PAIR.
A dazed at tale exhibition of metropolitan mentality.
"Great Scott!" This when he found words to speak. "To take in all that for one cent, at least fifteen millions of dollars!"
He was persuaded to pocket his cash and his wife and to pass on. The artist followed him, paying his way with a ticket which was one of twenty-five bought in a bunch for a dollar.

THE MAN FROM MILWAUKEE.
The man from Milwaukee hurried off to look and inspect the first tower. The artist gazed at the bridge and the man from Milwaukee. It was not an hour when the promenade was crowded. Yet there was life and plenty of it. One of the men of the pencil and sketchbook had an interesting pair—a man in a quality of youth and a woman in the varied-colored habiliments of the recently landed emigrant from the north, the Nearctic district. She was attractive and talkative.

MONDAY—THE
The EVENING WORLD
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1890.
PRICE ONE CENT.

WALKING OVER THE BRIDGE.
Trains Stopped in the Rush Hours by a Broken Strand of the Cable.
Thousands of Brooklynites Forced to Plod to Business on Foot.
For the second time within a week a long delay of traffic was caused on the Brooklyn Bridge this morning, causing several thousand people to walk over the big structure.

IN THE TEETH OF THE WIND.
Monument or Faneuil Hall or the Old South Church.
But they didn't. They never even mentioned the bridge of Democratic votes on which young Brewster had won the Governor's office of the Massachusetts State House; and the artist walked on dejectedly.

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